TURGENEFF'S LAST SKETCH.

THE QUAIL.

IMPRESSIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD, Translated for The Tribune. f-I was about ten years of age when what I am

about to relate occurred. It was summer time. In those days I lived with my father on a farm in Southern Russia. Around us for a distance of many versts the steppe extended in every direction. No forest, no stream could be found in the neighboring country; only shallow ravines covered by brushwood and looking like immense green snakes, here and there made their way through the otherwise unbroken surface

of the plains. Tiny rivulets flowed at the bottom of these ravines; in places to which well-beaten foot-paths generally led you could see, very near the tor of the bank, small springs of limpid water, like tears, issue from the ground and on their edges in the damp clay the tracks of numberless birds and other small animals. Man and beasts alike need fresh, pure water. My father was passionately fond of hunting.

Every moment he could spare from his work-pro-vided the weather was fine-would see him take down his rifle, strap his pouch about his waist, whistle for his old dog Tresor, and start to hunt quail or partridge. Hare he thought little of: fit only, he would say with an air of contempt, to make a hunter run. These and snipes which came in the autumn were all the game found in the

neighborhood. But quails and partridges were quite numerous especially the latter. In following the banks of the ravines you would encounter at every step little hollows in the dry ground where they love to squat. Old Tresor would then come to a sudden stop, his tail wagging furlously, and his forehead gathering in wrinkles, while my father, pale with excitament, would cautiously raise the hammer of his

At times, to my great joy, I would be permitted to accompany him. I used to tuck the legs of my trousers into the tops of my boots, hang my little flask over myishoulders, and, so equipped, would imagine myself a true sportsman. Though perspiration might cover me from head to foot, and gravel and dust enter my shoes, I never felt the least fatigued, and never in a single instance allowed myself to drop behind. At each report of the gun, and as suon as the bird fell, I bounded forward with a joyous shout-I felt so happy! The wounded quail might struggle, flap its wings, sometimes on the ground, at other times in Tresor's mouth, its blood flow-I only became enthusiastic; never felt the least sentiment of pity!

What wouldn't I have given to be able to fire a gun myself to kill quails and partridges with my own hand! But my father had [repeatedly explained to me that I was not to have a gun until 1 had reached the age of twelve, and that then I was to have a single-barrelled gun, and that I would be allawed to shoot larks only. Large numbers of these were found near our house; on sunny days you could see them by the dozens in the clear sky mounting higher, ever higher, with chirps resembling the tinkling of little bells.

I looked upon them as my future spoil, and aimed at them with a stick which I carried over my shoulder like a gun. It is very easy to get close to them, when they hover with quivering wings perhaps five or six feet above the ground, before suddenly plunging into the grass.

Sometimes, in the distance, on stubble fields or the green prairie, bustards could be seen. "Ab" I would sigh; "to kill a big bird like that, and then

I pointed them out to my father with my finger but he would invariably answer that the bustard was a very shy bird, which would not permit anybody to get near it. Once, however, he attempted to steal upon a solitary bustard, thunking that it had been wounded perhaps, and was lagging behind the rest of the flock. He ordered Tresor to keep behind him, and bade me not to stir. Charging his gan with buckshot he turned to the dog and exclaimed in a low voice: "Back, back." Then cowering as low as possible he advanced cautiously upon the bustard. Tresor would not couch down, but assumed a galt something like that of a bandylegged person, wagging his tail and holding one of his lips between his teeth. I couldn't keep still any longer, and followed my father and Treser, crawling carefully all th way. But the bustard wouldn't allow us to get within three hundred yards; it started on a run first, then flapping its wings flow away. Tresor made a bound forward and stared at it. I, too, looked at it-with such a disappointed heart! Couldn't it have stayed just a little longer? ald cartainly have killed the bird.

One day I started with my father to go One day I started with my father to go hunting. It was on the eve of St. Peter's Day. At that season of the year the young partridges are still very small, and my father would not shoot any. He therefore entered a patch of oak trees situated on the eage of a rye fisid, where you were always sure to find quail. As it was rather difficult to cut the grass in this plees of wood it had been allowed to grow freely and had attained a great height. Myriads of flowers, vetch, clover, hare-bell, mouse-ear and sweet-william throve there in abundance. Whenever I came to this spot with my sister or the maid-servant I carried home whole armfuls; but when in the company of my father I did not think of picking diowers. I considered that occupation unbecoming a sportsman.

of picking flowers. I considered that occupation unbecoming a sportsman.
Suddenly Tresor came to a stop. My father made a signal to me to be cautious. Right in front of Tresor a hen quail rose and flew off. But she flow in a strange manner, turning and tumbling over and over again in the sir, and then falling to the ground as if she had been wounded. Tresor made for her as fast as possible—a thing he never aid when the bird flew in its usual manner.

My father could not take aim for tear of hitting the dog. Presently Tresor made a sudden dash, and, before we knew it, he had seized the quali, and brought her to my father. My father took the bird from him and latin it on its back on the palm of his hand. I ran up to him.

ad. I ran up to him.
What's the matter?" I cried, "Is she unded?" "No." replied my father; "she must, however, have her nest with her little ones close by. She acted as if she were wounded so that the dog might think he could catch her easily—"

think he could catch her easily—"

"Why did she do so?"

"In order to divert the dog's attention from her little ones; after which, if she had succeeded, she would tave flown away. But this time she missed her little game, and Tresor has caught her."

"Then she is not hit?" I inquired again.

"No—but she won't live—Tresor must have injured her with his testh."

I stepped nearer to have a better look at the quall. She rested motionless on the palm of my fathers hand; her head was drooping and her black eye looked at me sidewaya. All at once a feeling of pity overcame me. It seemed to me as if the poor little bird regarded me and thought: "Why must I die? Why? Have I not done my duty? I tried to save my little ones, to draw the dog's attention away from them, and here I am a captive! Ah, me! Foor me! This is not just; no, no, it is not just?"

"Papa, perhaps she will not die." I cried, trying "Papa, perhaps she will not die." I cried, trying

"Papa, perhaps she will not die," I cried, trying to caress the little bird's head. My rather answered:
"She'll die. Look! In another moment, and her

legs will stiflen, her body will tremble, and her eyes will close."

Indeed, that's what did happen before long. When her eyes had closed I began to cry.

"Well, what's the matter !" my father exclaimed

almost haughingly.

"I pity her." I replied. "She did her duty and she has been killed. It is not just!"

"She wanted to piay a deceiful game," my father answered, "but Tresor was too smart for her."

"Bad dog!" I thought (at that moment I even thought my father himself was not goed). There was nothing deceiful in her action. It was the love for her young that prempted her to do it. Because she was forced to dissemble in order to save her broad it does not follow that Tresor had to seize her.

her. father wanted to put the quail in his game bag, but I begged him to give her to me. I placed her in my two hands and warmed her with my breath, hoping to bring her back to life again; but

You wasts your time," said my tather. "You wasts your time," said my tather. "You see how her head is

drooping?"
I tenderly raised her head by the bill, but as soon as liet go it would fail back.
"Do you pity her so much?" asked my father "Who will feed her young?" I replied.

My father looked at me attentively.

Do't worry about that," he said, "the male bird, the father, will reed them. But listen! There's Tresor pointing again! Perhaps it's the

lu fact, among the stalks of some tall grass, two test in front of Tresor's about, I perceived four little qualis nestled close togother and with out-stretched necks. They breathed so quickly I feet in front of Tresor's about, I perceived four little quaits nestled close together and with out-stretched necks. They breathed so quickly I thought they were trembling all over. They had already little feathers; only their tails were still very anort.

Yelv enort.
Papa Papa " I oried, " sail back the dog; he'll kill team roof"

'My father recalled Tresor, and prepared to sit down a little way off under a bush to eat some lunch. I remained close by the nest and refused to eat. I pulled from my pocket a white bandkerchief upon which I placed the quait. "Look, peor orphaned little ones! There's your mother! She has sacrificed herself for you." The young birds served to breath a more rapidly went I said it. seemed to breathe more rapidly when I said it, and their little bodies seemed to tremble still more

it colently.

I went to where my father sat.

"Will you make me a present of this quail?" asked.
"It it gives you any pleasure, of course. But what are you going to do with her?"
"I am going to bury her."
"Bury her?"
"Yes, there; right close to the rest

"Bury her?"

"Yes, there; right close to the nest. Give me your shife so I can dig her little grave."

"You expect the young to go and pray on the grave, I suppose?" suggested my father in aston-shment.

aent, No." I replied; "but the thought pleases me. "No.' I replied; " but the industry.

She belongs there, close to ner nest."

Without adding enother word my father looked

Without adding enother word my father looked Without adding rnother word my father looked for his knife and handed it to me. I set to work at once to dig the little hole. I pressed a kiss upon my quall's breast and placed her gently in her grave, and then I filled it with earth. I cut two sticks, and after removing the bark I made a cross by tying them together with some dry blades of grass; and this I placed upon the grave.

We started soon afterward to go home. At each step I turned to look back. The cross was white and I could see it far off.

That night I had a dream. It seemed to me I was in heaven and there, perched upon a tiny little

in heaven and there, perched upon a tiny little cloud, I saw my quail—the very same quail I had buried in the morning, only she was all white like the cross on her grave. Around her head a halo of gold spread its instre; no doubt, I thought, a reward for what she had suffered for the sake of her children.

Five or six days after I returned in company with my father to the grave. The cross had become a little more yellow, but had remained in its place. The nest, however, was empty; not a trace of the little ones was left. My father assured me that the male bird had carried them elsewhere. Indeed, at that very moment, only a few steps from where we stood, the little male flew out of a bush; and my father forbore to fire at him—and 1, I said to myself: "No, no; papa is not bad!"

Strange to say, from that day my love for hunt-

Strange to say, from that day my love for hunt-Strange to say, from that day my love for nunting left me completely, and I never even thought of the gun which my father had promised me. Later, it is true, when I had become a man, I took to hunting too, but I never was a true sportaman. One day I was hunting with a friend of mine. We soon came upon some grouse. The mother bird rose and we fired. She was wounded, but did not fall, and got away with her young. I proposed following them.

"Let us remain here." my friend said. "We'll

following them.

"Let us remain here," my friend said. "We'll imitate their cry and the whole flock will return

imitate their cry and the whole flock will return before long."

My companion knew well how to imitate the call of these birds. We seated ourselves among the bushes and my friend began his tactics. At first a young grouse answered, then another, and before long the mother herself quite close to us replied in a subdued and soft voice. I raised my head and saw her approach through the grass with all possible speed. Her breast was covered with blood. The instincts of a mother were prompting her; she evidently wished to divert our attention. At that moment I seemed to myself a monster of cruelty.

I rose and clapped my hands. The mother flew away and the young at once became silent. My companion was furious; he looked at me like a madman.

"You have spoiled our entire sport," he said.
But from that day on, to kill, to shed blood, became more and more painful to me.

ODD CHARACTERS IN A READING-ROOM. UNCONSCIOUS HABITS OF LITERARY MEN-THE

PORTUGUESE MAGICIAN. There are no places where men who have idiosyncrasics reveal them more freely and unconsciously then in the reading-rooms of the Astor Library. A mere cursory acquaintance with the place shows that the readers who go there may easily be classified and subdivided. There are the regulars and the transients. Of the regulars there are those who earn their bread by iterary pursuits, and those who read regularly for the purposes of obtaining information on some subject which is a hobby; of the transients there are those who come for some specific information, who are looking up something to decide a bet or settle a question, and there are also the trifling butterflies who wander in out of enriosity to have a look at the book-worms and to see the place itself. All of these have their little ways and peculiarities, but it is only among the regulars that oddities can be found. Nearly all of them have tricks of singularity which have been developed during reading. and are as much a habit as the reading itself.

There is a gentleman whose table is generally covered with French literature of the Eighteenth Century who has a hatit, not a disagreeable one, of crooning favorite tunes in a very low, tone as a gentle stimulant to the comprehension of French wit. When the latter is very bright the crown rises into an audibie chant, of which fact the singer becomes suddenly aware, and stops abruptly in the middle of a quavered word. There is another reader out to an alcove who apparently is getting a rod in pickle for modern draumtists, for he is studying the Spanish plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that have been an inexhaustible source of plunder for modern plagiarizing playwrights. When be comes upon a phrase difficult to construe, he takes out a smooth silver nuff box, looks around him with an air of conscious superiority and general satisfaction, taps his delicately twice, opens it, feeds both nostrils liberally, restores his box to his pocket with much deliberation, brings out a large green and yellow bandanna handkerchief, shuts his eyes, and then plows a clarion blast that is hear all over the building. The librarians look at each other and smile, and one of them may hap whispers to another "Has he got Don Lais de Gongora this morning !" An-other reader is a tall, gaunt man with a stern, set look, other reader is a tall, gaunt man with a stern, set look, almost amounting to a scowl, of whom little boys would be terribly afraid if he were their pedagogue. He is in reality a good-natured gentleman who has a passion for the study of mathematics. When x, y and x are more than ordinarily involved and dance through the pages of his author in an unusually intricate maze, he sets his teeth together, and holds on to his chair with both hands, and his eyes flame with the ardor of battle. When the rebellious x y and z are subdued he clears his throat of the phiegin that has accumulated during the contest with a "Ha hem!" which is an actual shout and makes everybody lock up.

the together, and house of to his chair with obtain hands, and his eyes fiame with the ardor of battle. When the rebeillous xy and z are sublued he clears his throat of the phlegm that has accumulated during the contest with a "Ha hem!" which is an actual shout and makes everybody lock up.

There is another reader who is intermittently regular and who evidently comes in intervals of some oreupation, when there is sinck water in his professional mill. He is nervous and fidgety to the last degree. He always takes one particular seat if it is vacant, and has before him a pile of books upon ancient art, Egyptian, Efruscan and Hindu. Inghirami is a favorite author of this reader. When he is dissatisfied with the explanation given of a plate, (and this occurs frequently,) he gathers himself almost into a ball, his lees carl up under his chair, his head sinks into his shoulders, he see wis at the plate with an air of intense hatred, plets nervously at the fingers of his left hand, and then begins to drum upon the table a devil's tattoo. He is obviously on very friendly terms with the librarians, for the one in charge of the room gives a friendly cough at which the offender looks up, plushes guiltly, nods to the librarian, and sabsides into tranquility. But there is a drummer whom no reproachful cough will touch, and who goes on in his wicked way unrepentant. He is a German, and his approach is heralided by an all-powerful odor of garlle. He reads general German literature, Goethe usually, and is in all probability a musician. His favorito composer is Beethoven and he beats out the rhythmical phrases of the Herole and A major symphonies in a most unudstakable manner. When he is more than ordinarily inspired by him breakfast, he sometimes softly hums a march from some forgotten opera. As translated into sound by him it becomes. Run run, a rum rum, rum, rum a reddy, "which has a curious Turkish military smack about it. These tones he repeats softly to himself until the interest of his book becomes too absorbing, and his

A STRANGE CAT'S WHIMS.

A TRIBUNE reporter upon stepping into small cigar store in Eighth-ave. near Forty-eighth-st. was interested by a chance remark of the proprietor on the novel subject of training cats. "If you train a cat," said the man, whose foible was pets, "you make him useless. I tried it with a cat that I had, and after I frightened him ones he never pretended to capture another mouse when I was near him, not even if it was released from a trap right under his nose. Yet I did nothing more than to give him a slight cuff, because I nothing more than to give him a slight cuff, because I thought he was not quick enough about it when he had three ance to catch all released from the trap at once."

It turned out upon inquiry that the eathe spoke of was not only curious on account of its timidity, but was a strange freak of nature in its appearance. Its mother had been a witch eat without a spot or a stripe to relieve had been a witch eat without a spot or a stripe to relieve had been a witch eat without a spot or a stripe to relieve had been a witch eat without a spot or a stripe to relieve had been a witch eat without a spot or a stripe to relieve had been a witch eat of chapting was quite white, saving a yellowish line down the middle of the back. It had all the peculiarities which distinguish white nice and white rabbits from their darker relatives—the weak eyes and the susceptibility to disease. But its eyes were not of the pintiah hue usual in albinos. The owner said that his cat was as sensitive to praise as to blame and thid itself, if any one endeavored to pet it. The cigar-maker ceased his endsavor to educate the cat after depriving it of its ambition as a mouser.

CHERRY ROPER'S PENANCE.

One cold Saturday in January, Charity Roper broke in upon me. I did not lock my door against her, even mentally; but there was something about the girl which always made me use sudden words in speaking of her. She was, not noisy, or bustling; but she always seemed to take you by surprise, never doing or saying what you would expect, and always appearing where you did not look for het.

"Why, Cherry, my dear," I exclaimed; "I thought you were in London."

"So I was, yesterday," she returned; "but that doesn't hinder my being here to-day, does if Do you usually take more than twenty-four hours on the journey?"

"No, you absurd child; but'I thought you were to stay a month with your cousins." I.

"No, you absurd chind; but I though you to stay a month with your consins."

"Taey thought so, I daresay, and I let them think; it was no business of mine what they thought. But I was bored there; so yesterday afternoon, when they were all gone to a lecture, or something stupid, I just packed up my traps, and

afternoon, when they were an gone to a scenario, and came away."

"It is rather good that Tyou have come home, I think, though it need not have been quite so abruptly; for I have not been quite happy about your mother myself."

"Why! She hasn't had one of her upsets, and kept it from me, has she ?" asked Cherry quickly.

"Oh, no; it is only that this damp weather has not seemed to agree with her, and I thought she was looking white."

"Oh, no; it is only that this damp weather has not seemed to agree with her, and I thought she was just in the state in which a little overdoing, or a chill, would bring one on. Now you are at home she will be all right."

"I'll see to her. I'll keep ther in cotton, until the clouds dry up and the river goes down. But I rather think it will be gun-cotton; for the fact is. Mrs. Singleton, that of all the quarrels mamma and I were ever engaged upon, the present is the finest specimen."

Cherry threw off her fur cape, and settled her

Cherry threw off her fur cape, and settled her muddy boots on the fender-stool, with an air of enjoying the situation.

"It's about Mr. Goldthorpe," resumed Cherry.

"Do you know him?" "Is it any relation of the old geatleman who was staying with the Mintons in the autumn?"

"That gentleman's father was my Mr. Goldthorpe's mother's husband, and I have always understoou that she was only married once, and had but one son."

" Your Mr. Goldthorpe, Cherry ?"

had but one son."

"Four Mr. Goldthorpe, Cherry?"

"I'm coming to that. In the first place, I wish to observe that he is not old, but only elderly; to be exact he was lifty-seven last birthday."

"He looks mere." I remarked.

"What do looks matter?" she demanded scornfully. "Well, I met him two or three times when he was with the Mintons, as you say, and he seemed to take a fancy to your humble servant, but I never thought of its coming to anything. Then he turned up again when I was in London this time, and was always coming to Portman-square. He sent me bouquets, and tickets for the opera, and one evening he all but declared himself, but I escaped, and the next day he sent me a bracelet. I thought then it was time to run away, and here I am. Now you have the true inner history of my Hegira."

"And a very tangled history it is, now I have got

"And a very tangled history it is, now I have got

"And a very tangled history it is, now I have got it. I don't understand what you mean to do, or what you have been doing, or why you have done it. I wonder if you know yourself?"

"I do know, quite well. I mean to marry Mr. Goldthorpe. I did not let him propose to me at once, because I hadn't quite made up my mind; and then I didn't like the affair going on in somebody else's house, and the mater ke owing nothing about it. So I came back to her, thinking she would be as pleased as Punch, and a nice return I got for my duitfulness!"

"What did she say !"

pleased as Punch, and a first least of a gradual finding liness."

"What did she say ?"

"Asked me if I loved him! And when I couldn't produce feelings exactly up to beiling point, cooled flown what feelings I had with floods of sentiment. This morning we had another talk, of a less affecting nature and she told me right out that I was noing to sell myself, and that she would never give her consent. Is fact, if I wanted to marry an ensign living on his pay—instead of a financier with £10,000 a year—she couldn't have been more cruelly, sternly unrelenting."

"I won't say anything about love; but is Mr. Goldthorpe a man when you can heartily like and respect?"

"I like him as well as most women like their husrespect ? bands. I feel that I soon could get used to him, which is a fair average of matrimonial felicity. And Mr. Goldthorpe is an honorable man, respected by all who know him. I shall be respected as his

"And that satisfies you?"
"One can't have everything. Look here, Mrs. Singleton. I am just sick of being poor, sick of it. I hate having to save and scrape, to travel third-I hate having to save and scrape, to travel third-class, and dye my old dresses. I hate seeing mamma pale and dreeping, when a month at the seaside would put her to rights. Powerty is miserable, and wretched, and degrading: I've had to stand it sli my life, but new I have a chance of escape, I should be simply a fool if I let it slip." Cherry spoke in desperate earest, staring into the fire, while the angry spots burnt larger and larger in her cheeks. After a pause, I said:

"I had hoped something quite different for you. I thought last summer that you and Hugh Carield

"I had hoped something quite different for you, I thought last summer that you and Hugh Carfield understood each other."

"Dr. Carfield has no right and no reason to complain of anything that I may do," Cherry replied stiffly, "There was never the shadow of an en-

gagement between us."
"No, but I am sure that he thought he had more

than the shadow of a nope."

"That was his folly, then. But I didn't come here to talk about Dr. Carfield. I came because the Indian box from Mrs. M'Clure arrivad this asoming. She has sent a lot of lovely imags. Icr the Mission. Bazaar, mixed up with presents for us, and things half the day. And mamma wants you to some in to tea on Monday, and look at them; for she will have to pack up all the bazaar things on Tuesday, and of them in to London."

Very well; tell her, with my love, that I should

like to come very much, and I will be in about 4."
"That's right: you'll oblige me also by so doing.
I got a note from Mr. Goldthorpe by the afternoon opat prompt, wasn'i it fi asking my leave to come down and call on Monday afternoon. Of course there is no doubt what that means. Now you'll keep mamma quiet, and so I can give him his opportunity nicely, and get things settled. I am sure you will always be on the side of distressed lovers," he concluded, with a whimsteal glance at me.
I don't think I have much to add to what she said

I don't think I have much to add to what she said about herself in orde, to make the situation dear. Her mother was a widow, with a small income, of which she seldom spoke, and never complained. Mrs. Roper had lived her life, and accepted the limitations of her fate: poverry and self-denial were entirely tolerable to her, but the slightest deviation from her fattidions standard of honorableness was not. And it was to such a mother that this wilful early declared her intention of peninging herness was not. And it was to such a mother that this wilful girl declared her intention of perjoring herself at the altar, and swearing to love, honor, and obey a man to whom she meant to do mether, in consideration of the luxuries that money can buy! I knew how deeply wounded she must be, in every fibre of her proud and sensitive spirit, and I grieved

Then, too, I was burt about this business of High Carfield. He was Dr. Bramston's partner, and a quiet young man, but very clever in his profession and nice in every way. When I have said that he only needed experience to make him a perfect doctor, I have said all that is possible; for it has always seemed to me that the union of tenderaes, firmness, patience and skill, which forms the ideal (often realized) of his profession, represents all but the highest type of human nature. But my favorite had given his whole heart's love to Cherry Roper, and she had smiled on him for a summer, and now was ready to throw him over for summer, and now was ready to throw him over for a stock-broker old enough to be her father!

It was about a quarter of an hoar's walk from my house to Mrs. Reper's, which stood near the river, a little way outside Fainston. The nearest way from the high road was a path leading to a foot-bridge over a stream, which ran past the lawn. The stream was now flooded, and I found the water just up to the level of the bridge, and could barely cross without wetting my feet. The river had risen over the intervening meadows, and lines of hedges alone enabled one to recognize localities, like meridians over the oceans in a map. Carpets, curtains and chair-covers might be shabby; but the greenhouse door was filled with a blaze of primulas, cyclamen and crocuses, the fruit of Mrs. Roper's elever and untiring gardening; a bright fire sparkied upon the array of fanciful Indian ornaments and drapery displayed on a side-table, and various pretty foreign "objects," and a few good water-color sketches, decorated the walls as permanent inhabitants. Mrs. Roper herself, unmistakably a lady, in her quiet black dress and soft white cap and shawl, presented no alarming speciacle to a man in search of a modber-in-law. I thought Cherry looked It was about a quarter of an hour's walk from my quiet black dress and soft white cap and shawl, presented no slarming spectacle to a man in shawl, presented no alarming spectacle to a man in search of a mother-in-law. I thought Cherry looked less pretty than usual, rather too smartly dressed, and rattling a lot of bangles whenever she moved, which was every minute, as she seemed unable to sit still. I duly inspected the Indian articles, poor Mrs. Roper displaying them in peaceful unconsciousness of any fresh disturbance impending; but I own that I could only give them half my attention, while I listened for a step outside. Presently, there came a heavy crunch on the gravel, and a loud knock which seemed almost in the room. There was a startled pause among us three ladies: Cherry turned scarlet; her mother glanced at her, and understood it all. The flush was reflected more faintly on her cellicate cheeks, and she seated herself to await the event. vent.
I really cannot describe Mr. Goldthorpe, because

I really cannot describe Mr. Goldthorpe, because there is nothing to describe about him. Walk down Old Broad-st, early in any week-day afternoon and you will be sure to meet half a dozen prosperous elderly gentlemen, any one of whom will do to represent Cherry Roper's latest lover.

"How do you do, Mr. Goldthorpe ?" Mrs. Roper said, rising to greet him. "I did not expect to see you in Tamston at this time of the year; visitors are apt to be frightened by our floods."

"Didn't you, ma'am? Ah!—I—I thought you might have." Mrs. Roper glanced at Cherry again, but the girl eat mute and uncomfortable.

"No: I did not know that you were likely to be in the neighborhood; but you must not put an inhospitable construction on my surprise. Let me

give you a cup of tea. I hope you did not get your feet wet tu coming."
"Thank you; no sugar, please. The roads are abominably muddy; I ought to apologize for the state of my boots; but there's nothing to wet one. Not that I care about wet feet; I never coddle. I appropriate that in augment this is guite a pleasant sit-

suppose that in summer this is quite a pleasant sit-uation?" he added, turning the subject.
"On, yea," said Cherry. "We have a dear little lawn; it is at the bottom of the stream now, but in summer the stream is at the bottom of it, and we keep a boat there, and can go on the river when-

ever we like."

"Ah, quite so. Just the place to do the rural in then, but not the thing for winter. You should come into town, ma'am; there's always something going on in London, even at the deadest season. And Miss Roper is quite wasted down bore."

"This is my home," answered Mrs. Roper coldiy.

here."

"This is my home," answered Mrs. Roper coldly,
"I have neither the wish nor the power to leave it,
and I should be sorry if my daughter could not be
contented without gayety."

"Oh, I get occasional runs to Lendon," put in
Cherry. "And even in winter you see we manage
to have some summer indoors," directing his attention to the flowers.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Goldthorpe, taking the suggestion with greater quickness than I should have
expected from him. "You have a fine show, indeed. May I look at them a little closer? I do a
little in primulas myself, or rather my head gardener does. He took first prize at the last show,
but there was nothing there to match that
plant in the middle." After this, talk
languished, and I had to do my best to
help. Mr. Goldthorpe could neither find an
excuse for staying nor for going away. He picked
up his hat from the carpet, changed it about from
one hand to the other, and put it down again, more
han once, while Cherry counted her bangles over
and over again. At hist, he pulled out his watch,
and took a tremendous resolution.

"You'll excuse me, ma'an, but important business
obliges me to leave by the 6:30 train. It won't do
for me to miss it."
"On no account," Mrs. Roper assented cordially.

"On no account," Mrs. Roper assented cordially.
"The time of you gentlemen 'in business is so valuable that we could not attempt to detain you."
"But before I go, I should wish to speak a word to you in private, if you please, if Miss Roper and this lady will excuse me," with a comprehensive low. comprehensive bow.
"I will trouble you'to come into the dining-room, then," said Mrs. Roper, rising. "I know I need not

apologize to Mrs. Singleton."

"No, indeed," I said; but you must allow me to say good-by first. It is high time for me to be going home." And home I went; but as I afterward heard the history of the conversation from Mrs. Toper, I am in a position to continue the narrative, notwithstanding. Mr. Goldthorpe planted himself it one side of the little square table, and deposited

at one side of the little square tope, and deposites his hat upon the red cloth, with an air of coming to business. Mrs. Roper sat facing him on the other side, ready for battle.

"I suppose, ma'an," he began, "that Miss Roper has informed you why I am here to-day."

"I think I told you, when you first came, Mr. Goldthorpe, that your arrival was unexpected by me."

Ah! She left the explanations to me. Well, I am here to explain."
"Pray do not suppose that a friendly visit needs any explanation. I look upon yours to-day in that light; I beg that you will not ask me to regard it But I do ask you, ma'am. I came for a purposa;

"But I do ask you, ma'am. I came for a purpose; and when I have a purpose I always carry it out—and, what's more, I succeed in it."

"It will be wiser, then, for you not to pursue one in which you have no prospect of success."

"Let there be no misunderstanding between us, ma'am," said Mr. Goldthorpe, hurriedly. "I have the highest possible esteem and respect for your-self, but it is your daughter that I want to marry."

Mrs. Roger nearly sprang from her chair in having the supplied dignetton but insulted dignity rays her additional

Mrs. Roper nearly sprang from her chair in in-dignation, but insulted dignity gave her additional self-possession, and she replied:
"Although such a misapprenension might have naturally arisen, considering the respective ages of all concerned, yet I assure you, sir, that it never for a moment crossed my mind. My daughter told me that you had paid her considerable attention while in London; and I conceived that the reason of your pressures here was to ask my consent to f your presence here was to ask my consent t

your suit."
"So it is, ma'am; so it is," said Mr. Goldthorpe, reassured; "and I hope I have it."
"On the centrary, I have been endeavoring, indirectly, to make you understand that it is useless to ask for it."

ask for it."

"I daresay you think, because I'm a stockbroker, that I'm a speculator; and that my wife and children may be millionnaires one day, and beggars the next. But I've seen too much of that sort of game. It's no business of any one's what I do with the money I geop loose at my banker's; but there's £60,000 Invested in Government stocks and United States bonds and some good railways, that I haven't touched for ten years, and don't mean to. And when I marry I'll settle every penny of that on my wife and her children; so that, if I went through the Courts next month, she should keep her carriage all the same."

"I will not attempt to discuss the honorableness of that arrangement," answered Mrs. Roper, icily. "I am aware that commercial honor is a different thing from what I have known by the name. My objection is of a different kind altogether. Be persuaded; think the matter over, and seek a more suitable partner. In any case, believe that I intend no discourtesy to yourself."

"Do you think it over, too, ma'am, and you'll see things more reasonably. I have to go to Paris tomorrow, but when I come back I'll run down again. Give my best compliments to Miss Roper; I brought a ring that I hoped to give her, but that will be for next time. Good evening, ma'am." And he bowed himself out, leaving poor Mrs. Roper to face Cherry. I fancy sie had small pleasure out of the fact that she was left the undoubted victor in that afternoon's campaign. I daresay you think, because I'm a stockbroker,

III. Of course I did not like to visit Mead Cottage Of course I did not like to visit Mead Cottage again in a hurry, as if I were anxious to hear what had happened in my absence; but I had not very long to wait. Mrs. Roper was one of those unfortinate persons whose mind and body act and react upon each other so closely that it is always open to kind friends to call their mental sofferings indigestion, and their bodity allments "nerves." She was at church on Sunday, but on Monday she was prostrate, and was very nuwell for two or three days. trate, and was very unwell for two or three days. Cherry ostentationsly blamed the damp, and I privately blamed Cherry. She would not send for me while her mother was actually ill, and there certainly was no occasion, as she was herself the cleverest and tenderest of nurses; but on Thursday I had a note from her, asking me to spend the whole of the next day with them, and nagationing that I should have to go round by the road, as the little forciabilities was now quite under water.

that I should have to go round by the row. A ss the intile footsbridge was now quite under water. We were sitting in the drawing-room, Mrs. Roper reclining, invalid fashion, in an easy chair well fined with pillows, and wrapped in a large white shaw!. Suddenly a loud knock came to the door. She started, and flushed painfully.

"It is that man again," she said. "On! I did not think it would be so soon."

"Let me tell him you are too unwell to see him," I said, making a move toward the door; but she stonged me.

stopped me.

"He does not want to see me; it is Cherry; and I promised that he should see her, if he chose. He

I promised that he should see her, if he chose. He must come in."

As we were speaking, the door was opened. It was Mr. Goldthorpe who had knocked, and he did ask only for Cherry; but it never occurred to stupid intic Jame to do anything but show him into the drawing-room, while she wont in great excitement to tell her. Of course he fell into a confusion of apologies and explanations when he saw the state of affairs, but he did not ofter the best of all possible apologies by taking himself away. On the contrary, he discoursed about his journey to Paris, until Cherry appeared. She looked flushed and serious, and greeted him quietly.

and greeted him quietly.

After about ten minutes of company talk, she said: "You will excuse me, I am sure, Mr. Goldthorpe;

"You will excuse me, I am sure, all conditions but now that manna is so unwell, she is my first object—and when you arrived, I was doing a little cooking for her, which I cannot leave to the servant. I must go back and see to it."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Goldthorpe; "don't mind me, I beg. I shall feel gratfied by your not standing upon ceremony with me, and I am sure Mrs. Roper must feel an appetite for food cooked by your haids. "Then I will say good bye," said Cherry, holding

"Then I will say good bye," said Cherry, notation out her hand.
"But aren't you coming back! I don't mind waiting. I only came from Paris this morning, and I have come down here at once to see you." His voice grow quite piteous.
"Oh, yes, I am coming back." said Cherry, glaucing at her mother rather uncertainly. "But, you see, we are a little put out at present."

Mrs. Roper's hospitable instructs now came uppermost.

Mrs. Roper's hospitable instincts now came appromost.

"Suppose, dear, you combine that cookery for
me with tea for everybedy; Mr. Goldthorpe needs
some refreshment, I am sure, after his tiring day;
and Mrs. Singleton likes to go home early."

There was a general acquiescence; Cherry departed to her household cares, and Mr. Goldthorpe
and I talked Paris with redoubled vigor.

After tea she sang us a couple of pretty songs,
and Mr. Goldthorpe sat by the piano, and beat
time. If there is any practice calculated to drive a
singer distracted, it is that; and Cherry's forehead
wrinkled, and she left out a verse of her second
song.

"That's the sort of singing I like in a lady," he remarked when she had finished. "No fuss about it, no screaming or running all about the place; but just a pretty little song that you can enjoy after dinner. When I want professionals, I can after dinner. When I want professionals, I can pay for them."
This dubious compliment perhaps accounted for

This dubious compliment perhaps accounted for the slight bang with which Cherry shutthe plane; and I rose to say good-night, knowing that Mrs. Roper must be tired, and hoping that Mr. Gold-thorpe would follow my example, and postpone his proposal to a more favorable opportunity.

"I shall see you safe on the high road," said Cherry decisively, "Our lane is not in a state for you to travel by yourself in the dark. I'll get the lantern."

She speedily reappeared clocked, and hearing the

She speedily reappeared, cloaked, and bearing the lauters: and of course Mr. Goldthorpe could do nothing else but offer to carry it. We started off, but did not go far. We had barely

gone round the corner of the house when a lapping sound close by startled us. Mr. Goldtberpe held the lantern lower, and it gleamed upon water lying on the ground walk. He held it higher, and it gleamed upon water covering the whole path, and we could hear the stream gurgling through the gate at the end.

"The flood must have risen tremendously fast," said Cherry. "Why, you came through this way three hours ago, Mr. Goldthorpe?"

"Upon my word, Icouldn't have believed it," he said, much perturbed, "I never guessed anything of this sort was likely to happen."

"There is only one thing to be done," Cherry said gayly. "You must resign yourselves to circumstances, and be our prisoners for to-night, We'll put you up somehow—you must not be toe particular, and the morning, if you can't make your

We'll put you up somehow—you must not be too particular, and the morning, if you can't make your escape in our own boat, we shall easily be able to signal some one to bring us a punt."

"I, for one, shall be contented to be a prisoner to so fair a gaoler," said Mr. Goldthorne gallautty.

I reappeared in the house, feeling somewhat discomited; but Cherry and her lover were in high spirits. Explanations were made to Mrs. Roper, whom Cherry insisted on taking off to bed; and after she had disposed of her for the night, arrangements for the accemmodation of her unexpected guests kept her busy away from us. Mr. Geldthorpe, sitting alone in the drawing-toom with me, began to look alone in the drawing-toom with me, began to look on the shady side of his imprisonment. "I suppose we are sure to be able to get a boat in

on the shady side of his imprisonment.

"I suppose we are sure to be able to get a boat in the morning f" he questioned auxiously.

"It depends upon whether any come this way or not, I should say," I replied. "I must say that I cannot think what is to bring them."

"But if I don't get a boat I can't get back toltown; and I must be at my office at 12 to-morrow. I have a most important engagement."

"Then I hope you will get a boat."

"At any rate, this sort of thing can't last. The river will go down as fast as it came up, I daressy,"

"Floods have been known to last three weeks without abating," I told him for his encouragement. I was willing that Cherry should see how cross he could be. In spite of his fine speeches, he was rapidly falling into that state of mind; and when Cherry announced that our rooms were ready, he made no attempt to detain her for the tete-a-tete which now at length was possible, but took his candle, and marched away gloomily to his chamber. With the first gleam of daylight I was at the window, and looked out upon a sea of brown waters, I afterward learned that a weir had burst, which accounted for the rapid rise. The water was up to the very walls of the bouse, and flowing past it in a I afterward learned that a werr had burst, which accounted for the rapid riss. The water was up to the very walls of the house, and flowing past it in a strong stream. Evidently, there was no possibility of escape from within. Was there any of rescue from without? Would Mr. Goldthorps use his opportunity? No man ever had a better. Here he was, shut up with his ladwlove for hours, her mother safe out of the way, and her other chaperon frequently sitting with the invalid. I knew at least one other who would have cared little, in such a situation, for floods outside and business in London, but thought himself in Paradise. Mr. Goldthorpe was of a different opinion. He keep teprepually fidgeting over to the window, looking out for the boat that never came, and interrupting all attempts at talk or occupation. "It's no use, Mr. Goldthorpe," said Cherry at last. "Nothing seems to pass us except some poor man's

"It's no use, Mr. Goldtherpe," said Cherry at last.
Nothing seems to pass us except some poor man's
Swede turnips. You'd better occupy yourself in
fishing for them. We may be thankful to have
them for dinner in a day or two."
"For dinner!"
"Well, seriously, things look somewhat blue.
We have very little room for keeping anything
in this house, and we get most things in small quantities. The butcher was to have called this very
day, and unless he takes boat to us now, we shall
be short commons at dinner-time. The only things
we have a good supply of are flour, bacon, tea and
jam."

am."
"We shan't starve, at any rate," I remarked,

"We shan't starve, at any rate," I remarked, much relieved by the presence of tea in the list.

"But one can't live on flour and bacon," said Mr. Goldthorpe in dismay.

Flour can be made into bread, and I shall proceed to effect the conversion, if necessary," laughed Cherry. "If we can't live on bread bacon, and tea, for a day or two, we must be sybarites."

"One need not be a sybarite to object to living like a farm-laborer," Mr. Goldthorpe muttered. "Really, when one lives in such a place, one should make provision for what may happen."

Cherry did not reply, but left the room rather offended. By-and-by she recovered her temper, and her sense of duty toward Mr. Goldthorpe. She returned to the drawing-room, and tried with all her

officialed. By shall be said recovered for temper, and her sense of duty toward Mir. Goldthorpe. She returned to the drawing-room, and tried with all her might to entertain him. She sang to him until he got up and walked to the window, yawning, and sooking out for boats. She piayed oribbage with him until he grew tired of beating her, and she grew tired of being beaten. She took her work and waited for him to begin making love to her; but he never began. In the intense ennul of that day, the poor girl did ample penance for the sin of her firstation with him. We had what I should have thought a nice and sufficient dinner, but for Mr. Goldthorpe's scarcely disguised disgnst; and we ladies enjoyed our hour's peace, while he siept after it. We all went to bed early; and it ever a girl looked utterly fagued and worn-out, it was Cherry Roper on the night of that wet Saturday which was to have been her betrothal day.

Morning dawned, and a dreary light spread slowly Morning dawned, and a dreary light spread alowly over a dreary scene. We had agreed that 10 c'clock would be quite soon enough for breakfast, and about that hour I wended my way downstairs. The hall door was open, and Mr. Goldthorpe stood at it, staring out dismally at the prospect, and keeping up his everlasting watch for boats. It was not a cheerful sight, and I turned from it to meet Cherry in the dining-room.

"Breakfast is ready," she said. "We have eaten all our bread, and so I have made some hot cakes. But matters are growing serious. I find Jane was mistaken in telling me that we had plenty of flour; we have only about as much left as I have used

we have only about as much left as I have used The moral of hall probably starve. And that boat lying here, a few yards off! Oh, if we only had a man ith us, instead of a fogy!" The fogy was there, a few yards off! Oh, if we only had a man with us, instead of a fogy!" The fogy was summoned to breakfast, and told the state of affairs, and that it was gnecessary to make our provisions go as far as we could. He only replied that of course a boat would come, and it was nonsense to starve ourselves; he, for one, was not going to do it. And accordingly, while Cherry and I are only enough to keep us going, he made extra have among the precious cake, by way of protest against our abstinence. Cherry's patience at last gave way, and when he made a momentary

protest against our matthematical at last gave way, and when he made a momentary pause, she rose from the table and carried away the dish. Mr. Goldthorpe glared after her.

"Polite, upon my word!" he remarked. I could not stand any more of him just then, and could not stand any more of man have it the room. I was going upstairs when I heard a sudden cali from Cherry in the kitchen. I harried to her; she was standing at the back door, with

left the room. I was going upstairs when I heard a sudden call from Cherry in the kitchen. I hurried to her; she was standing at the back door, with chasped hands and gleaming eyes.

"A boat!" she cred; "a boat, coming here!" I looked where she pointed, and, through one of the bare hedges, could see something moving in a neighboring field.

"Let us cai!," I said; "it may not come to us."

"It is coming "said Cherry; "don't you trouble."

"I wonder who it can be?" I remarked innecently. She turned, and flashed a look at me. "A friend of yours," she said, her eyes daucing with fiun; "come to-take you home to luncheon. There'll be all the more cakes for Mr. Goldthorpe's tea." The boatman knew his way, apparently; he was feeling along the hedge for a thin place, where he could force his boat through, for of course it was impossible to open any gates. We could hear him breaking away boughs. Presently, there appeared among the thorns what proved to be the bow of a light river gig, and slowly the inmate pushed and pulled himself and his boat through. By that time the whole household was gathered at the door, to welcome Hugh Carfield. Of course it was he: Cherry had known it from the first, and I had not been long in guessing who was most likely to have come to our rescue.

"Are you all well?" shouted the young man, al-

most likely to have come to our rescue.

"Are you all well?" shouted the young man, almost before he was within speaking distance.

"All well," responded Mr. Goldthorpe, with an air of responsibility. "I hope you have brought us

revisions."
"Everything I could think of that would go in my oat." answered Hugh, bringing it up to the steps. Mrs. Roper was shaking hands with our deliverer, I don't know how to thank you, Dr. Carfield," he said, "for coming to help us—and at such risk,

"Don't take too much to yourself, mamma."
laugued Cherry, "Dr. Carrield would never
have left Mrs. Singleton to starve." Then,
in a lower tone she added, as he
clasped her hand: "It was good of you to come. I
was never so glad of anything in my life
as to see your boat behind the hedge." Hugh
could find nothing mice to say, of course—
Englishmen never can when they are the heroes of
the situation; so be only asked how we had fared.
After we had related our experiences (or some of
them), a council of war was held, at which it was After we had related our experiences (or some of them), a council of war was held, at which it was promptly and unanimously decided that Hugh should return to the town, and send punts at once to remove the whole party. The sound of voices, drew us to the house-door, just in time to see it pushing off, with Mr. Goldthorpe scated inside. When he caught sight of us he waved his hand, and called out.

lied out: "Excuse my not saying good-bye, ladies: im-"Excuse my not saying generally, your boat will be up in a minute." Cherry stood for a moment in speechless indignation, then burst laughing. "He is gone," she cried. "Harrah! I never was so rejeiced to see any one's back. The Old Man of the Sea was a joke to him; Michael Scott's familiar

the Sea was a joke to him; Michael Scott's familiar spirit was a pleasant companion. He is the worst incubus that ever a set of unfortunate women had on their shoulders for two interminable days!" Then tuning to her mother, she added with intense gravity: "I am quite satisfied now, mamma, that I did right in discouraging Mr. Goldthorpe. You must see for yourself that it never would flave done." thorpe. You must see for yourself that it never would frave done."

That was Cherry Roper's only peccayl, but it was

That was Cherry Roper's only peccavi, but it was quite enough for her mother. I doubt that even Hugh gotmuch more out of her at any time; but if she kept her contrition to herself, and made confession to nobody, she at any rate made ample satisfaction for her fit of worldiness. For when Mr. Goldthorpe recovered himself, and wrote a formal proposal of marriage, she refused him with equal formality; and a month or two later her engagement to Hugh Carfield was announced.

THE ARGOSY

. PUBLIC COMMENT.

OPPOSED TO COINING MEANINGLESS WORDS.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: I thought the height or depth of absurdity was found when it was proposed to use "to wire" instead of "to telegraph"; but it seems there is something beyond, and this has been found in "lee," which a correspondent seriously proposed in yesterday's TRIBUNE. I, for one, enter my humble protest against any such coinage. We have corruptions enough in our language already, without debasing it any more by coins ing words which have no meaning. "Sunlight, waxing ht, gaslight, etc., . . have a place in our language," because the words forming them have some meaning.

but "lecilght" can have no such claim.

Why does not your correspondent go a little further. and suggest, instead of Bengal light and calcium light, the words "benlight" and "callight"! Surely these are as good as "leclight" Or, if he must have abbreviations, since bean-pole, hop-pole, tent-pole "and a few words of similar construction have a place in our language," let him use "telpole" or "graphuole" instead of telegraph-pele.

THE TRIBUNE has always been a conservator of the purity of our language, and I trust will always be so, and will now refuse its indorsement to any such moustroity as "lee."

New-York, Oct. 1, 1883.

RAILROAD AND GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sin: I have read the editorial in a recent TRIBUNE on "Railroad and Government" with much satisfaction. It goes right to the core of the question. Corporations should halt and fail in line with the financial, commercial and all other interests, in saying who shall be elected by fair means and an honest count. Then hold all officials to a strict responsibility of their duty to the people only, and not to a privileged few. I believe in leaving all public interests to the integrity and fairness of the voters, and then we shall come out all

I would like to see the office-holder given a fair opp tunity to display his manilness in high position and his integrity to the people, and not be hampered by party politics. Yours very truly. JAMES H. SEYMOUR. New York, Oct. 4, 1883.

PROTECTION STILL THE RALLYING-CRY.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: I open my October Century at "Topica of the Time," and read: "The tariff question is avoided as much as possible by both parties." Surely the Editor as much as possible by both perios. Surely the action of The Century is not so ignorant of the present position of the Republican party and of the public professions in speeches and in resolutions of the leaders of that party. While the Democrats are "hedging" on this question, Protection is still the rallying-cry of the Republican party.

KANSAS. question, Protection publican party. Fall River, Kan., Oct. 1, 1883.

THE MARSHFIELD CHAPEL.

To The Editor of The Tribune. SIR: I beg leave to correct a statement made by your correspondent in the article entitled: "Marshfield of To-day." As a life-long resident, and an attendant at " the chapel " of which he speaks from its beginning, I claim to be well-posted in its history. This chapel, which he calls Roman Catholic, was built by the Unitarian Association and its many friends who had become interested in the cause, on land given by Mrs. F. Webster and formerly belonging to the estate of the great statesman. It is a really pretty building. Over the window back of the pulpit is Mr. Webster's latest testimony to his belief: "Lord, I believe," etc. Just under the window, a lyre with the initial "W," beautifully done in autumn leaves. A handsome set of lamps for Mr. Collyer's people, and a library of about 400 volumes, still further add to the attractiveness of the building. The twenty-five cents fee at the Web-ater Mansion is to be expended in the purchase of a bell ster Mansion is to be expended in the purchase of a bou-for this chapel.

Furthermore, John Thomas, of whom Mr. Webster purchased this place, was no Torry, as I well know, being myself a descendant of him.

Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 3, 1883.

PREFERENCES AND BANKRUPTCY. A LETTER FROM D. C. ROBBINS. To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: May I ask a few lines in THE TRIBUNK to express my entire approval of your observation of to-day with regard to the question of preferences? I believe that a law which would prevent all preferences would result in many evils almost as great as those we seek to avoid. There are many instances in which custom has sanctioned the preferring of some debts over others so that it has become a part of the contract. Many loans are made to the debtors on the promise that they shall be so protected, and which if such a promise were impossible to keep would not be made at all. I myself receiled the case of a young man who came to the city with a letter of introduction to a firm with whom he deposited \$5,000, being all he had, and within a few days the firm failed. His money formed part of their balance. Even the English common law protects in such an instance. I am aware that the English law forbids all preferences by insolvent debtors; but the circumstances of the old country are widely different from ours.

In many instances the capital of a firm here is largely made up of the funds of a deceased partner left in by his widow; also by the savings of employes. Such amounts have a moral right to protection. The real remedy is that which you have pointed out; not any timering white and assignment have, but one National bankruptey law administered by first-class judges.

I would make all preferences not void, but voidable, leaving it to the jurisdiction of the Court to decide in what instances justice requires that the preferences be sustained and in what set aside. With great respect, D. C. Roberts.

BISHOPS NOT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sin: Will you permit me to point out a slight mistake in your paragraph in this morning's issue concerning the over my-lorded visitors to this The Bishop of Rochester has no seat in the country | House of Lords. Only twenty-four of the thirty-two suffragans of the two provinces are summoned as representatives of the second estate of England. Eight, at sentatives of the sees of Southwell and Wakefield are filled it will be ten-bishops have therefore always to be without summons to Parliament. The two Archbishops and the Bishops of Loudon, Durham and Winchester are always summoned. As the bishops sit by seniority of summoned. As the bishops sit by seniori ration, and as Bishop Thoroid was consecrat consecration, and as signof thorons was considered in 1878, no stands next for call.

I may note in passing that an idea prevails that bishops are peers. They are not and have no privileges of peers. They represent the second estate in Parliament by the grace of the Royal mandate.

W. A. B. New-Fork, Oct. 9, 1883.

DR. HALL AND THE "KEMBLE." To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Noticing Dr. Hall's letter in THE TRIBUNE to-day in connection with the Kemble banquet, I beg to say that it was the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, who honored the society with his presence and very liberal and broad speech, and not the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New-York. Respectfully G. DE CORDOVA, President. ₽ Brooklyn, Oct. 9, 1883.

THE STORY OF OLD GRIMES.

To The Editor of The Tribune. SIR: In a recent number of THE TRIBUNA a correspondent, J. F. Everhart, savs that a John Grimes, born in Beifast, Ireland, but resuling in Canorimes, born in Boules, it along to be the author of ada about fity years ago, claimed to be the author of "Old Grimes is Dead." My father (who, by the way. took Horace Greeley's paper, The New-Yorker, and since that has taken THE TRIBUNE up to the present day) says that he knew the verses more than sixty years ago, and they were considered old then. Be sides, the rhymes themselves bear the stamp of having had their origin in our own country in its early days. Especially the expression "town-meeting day" precludes the possibility of its having been written by a native of Ireland and a resident of Canada. Moreover, it is not probable that the verses were written by anyone bearing the name of Grimes. I feel, however, that I might be proud to be a descendant of "That good old man," and I should be glad to know the real origin of the rhymes. Yours truly, H. N. Grimes. East Orange, N. J., Sept. 22, 1883. had their origin in our own country in its early days.

A DRIVER'S INSOLENCE.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: Allow me to call your attention to the following transaction, which I witnessed last Friday at the Grand Central depot. A party of Nova Scotians were entering the transfer coach for the Pennsylvania depos at Desbrosses-st., when the driver asked a lady of the party for her transfer ticket, which she, supposing it to be of no further use, had thoughtlessly toru. presented the pieces for inspection, the driver flew into a terrible passion, and abused this timid and inoffensive a most brutat manner. When the party a ighted, he again approached the lady, insolently asking if she were going to tear her ticket a few more times. Granted that it was thoughtless on the lady's part to mutilate the ticket, she was evidently unused to traveling and was there any excuse for such bratal soudder on the driver's part? and should not the traveling public be protected from the hasdence of such men?

Note-York, Oct. 9, 1883.

A Stratford, Conn., woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a neighbor's wife, and she awoke and struck him across his face and broke his nose. The next night be ate mince pic, Welsh rarebit, orred applies and wedding cake to have a dream to get square with her.—[Boston Post.

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